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# The Bell Ringer

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MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

September, 1976

## MBA Cars

### Rolling Sculpture

Steve Parman

Every MBA student is from his first moment on the Hill destined to become involved in that most enduring of Big Red traditions: status-seeking. The focal point? Wheels.

By no stretch of the imagination may the school be perceived as the sole bastion of automotive upmanship. As any devotee of *Road and Track* can readily explain, the automobile is rolling sculpture, a mobile extension of the self. More important, it is the most readily identifiable badge of affluence, taste, and virility that the average American can display. For years most people have been far more concerned with what decorates the driveway than what performs the same function in the living room.

But let us not stray from the subject at hand, the subject of the MBA student's relationship to his car—and to other students' cars. As it is in so many areas, MBA is unique in terms of automobile. Primarily, the difference between MBA and other schools in an automotive sense is economic.

#### Money and Sleep

Simply stated, MBA students tend to belong to families which are financially capable of spending money required to purchase such luxury items as cars for their sons.

Obviously not everyone benefits from such a favorable situation, but many do, and they exploit their good fortune to the fullest. At least one student has reputedly acquired a sports car, a luxury car, and a four-wheel drive car (for inclement weather conditions, of course).

Naturally, most have only one auto in which to motor daily to the Hill—which calls to mind a second point of difference between MBA and many other schools. Since MBA is private, some of its scholars come from far-off places: Thompson Station, Fairview, and East Nashville. The parents of these boys are often only too eager for them to reach driving age to relieve the mothers and fathers of the tedious chore of providing morning and evening transportation to and from school.

In fact, a popular persuasive argument used to talk recalcitrant parents into a car purchase stems from this understandable reluctance to provide a daily shuttle service. Caressing mothers with talk of mornings spent in bed, far removed from the hopelessly snarled Belle Meade traffic, is a highly practiced and effective art.

Thus, the necessity of providing one's own transportation, the parents' desire to free themselves of the driving responsibility, and the above average fiscal capabilities of MBA people combine to steer them into the showrooms and used car

lots of America. Once the decision to buy is firmly established, the next step is to choose the right car for Junior. This returns us to our original point of interest: the element of status-seeking.

When the values of fuel economy, frequency of repair, and resale value have all been duly considered, the average American's choice of car is still predicated by how impressive it will be to other people. Psychological economics is the key factor in the automobile industry; the manufacturers, especially those in Detroit, have long emphasized their products' styling and prestige, often at the expense of valuable engineering advances. As much as anyone, MBA students want to impress, to cut a swath, to demonstrate their masculinity.

#### The Chrome Zoo

Basically, a sort of hazy, undefined caste system has developed over the years with regard to the cars on the Hill. However, it is quite difficult to obtain any consistent opinion on which automobiles and drivers belong in the priest, warrior, and peasant classes. Thus, with a complete disregard for order and practicality there appear on the Big Red asphalt:

—Pseudo-sports car types—These amiable amateurs best illustrate how needlessly pampered some boys really are. Incapable of



British Leyland two-seaters are favored steeds among sports-car fans.

driving with verve, they nevertheless manage to trundle about in parentally-presented, wind-in-the-face, all-out sports cars. As a result, the untapped potential of true performance machines can be rather sad as the drivers mercilessly miss shifts, stall in traffic, and keep those lovely convertible tops firmly in place.

—Real sports car types—Their dedication to their cars often borders on fanaticism. They drive hard and keep the tops down in all but atrocious weather conditions. Their chief delight is taking speed-marked curves at twice the indicated rate. British Leyland seems to be the major manufacturer for this clique.

—4-wheel drive types—Perhaps the most enigmatic of MBA drivers, they often appear down-right masochistic. While a few drive luxurious Blazers and Broncos, most prefer older types, preferably pre-1950 Willys military Jeeps, usually with a giant winch attached to the front bumper. The

precise appeal of these slow, rough-riding, scantly upholstered vehicles is difficult to determine. Perhaps it is the secure but unmentionable knowledge of their ability to negotiate the steepest parts of the Hill (with front hubs locked, naturally).

—American high-performance fans—Formerly this class included hot rodding, dragstrip types, but alas, those days are gone. Now this is the largest group of all; since most, teenagers at least like to think that they "drive fast." As a result, they are difficult to categorize. Far and away their favorite steed is the Chevrolet Camaro.

—Just like Dad's—types—Another extensive group, these students drive the same kind of cars that their parents do—in most instances, American luxury sedans, like Buick Electra 225's (they call them "deuce and a quarters"). They are often heard to say in solemn, informative tones that the Pontiac Catalina will handle as well as any car on the road.

—Rattletrap types—This group brings to mind the concept of reverse status. In other words, driving a really old abominable automobile becomes a sign of delapidated Bohemian chic. Frequently they laugh off derogatory remarks, secretly rejoicing in the knowledge that theirs is the "Car that Wouldn't Die," an ugly, gargantuan brute among minis.

In short, the wide range of automobiles available in America insures that MBA students can drive cars with sporty zest, luxury, or simply individuality. The appearance on the Hill of autos as interesting and different, as the exotic Pantera and the classic Studebaker illustrates that even in a safety and economy oriented age, the car you drive is still an indicator of who and what you are.



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## Inside—



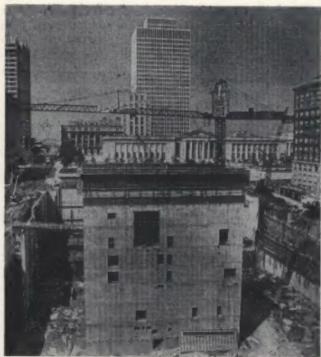
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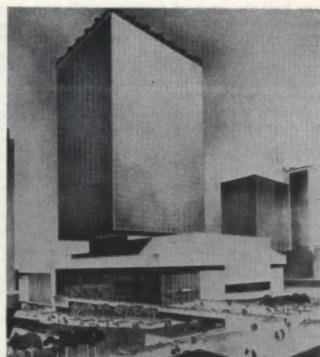
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Construction is underway in downtown Nashville.



The Center will look like this when completed in 1979.

Both photos courtesy, Tennessee Foundation for the Performing Arts Center

## Performing Arts Center Alters Nashville Cultural Scene

Walter Robinson

In downtown Nashville near the Capitol there is an enormous hole in the ground. Nashville has many innovative and vibrant buildings, but perhaps the most exciting will arise out of that excavation: the Tennessee Performing Arts Center.

The Center, along with a State office building, will be located near the National Life center and the War Memorial building. It will house three theaters, the largest seating a little more than two thousand people. Various shops for set-building and rehearsal halls will also be situated within the Center. In short, the new structure will be a Kennedy Center in miniature for Nashville and the Southeast, spreading the performing arts to areas which were before considered void of such influences.

The history of the Performing Arts Center revolves around one woman: Mrs. E. Bronson Ingram. Her story is quite simple. Her dedication to the Center stems from a realization she made in early 1972. "Suddenly, I turned around and realized I had half-grown children who had never been to an opera, and who had never seen a professional play . . . You could almost say they were underprivileged, underprivileged in the midst of much, but nonetheless underprivileged."

Influenced by the fact that the Bicentennial was due in four years, Mrs. Ingram thought that an appropriate celebration for Tennessee would be the building of an arts center. There is an abundance of museums in Tennessee, historical and otherwise, and, therefore, this center was molded to concentrate primarily on the performing arts. After discussing her ideas with other women, Mrs. Ingram decided in July of 1972 to go to them.

### MOON DRUG COMPANY

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## New Jazz Draws Praise

Ike Simon

Boz Scaggs, a well-seasoned performer, has hopefully come into his own with his summer release *Silk Degrees*.

Though not a particularly well-known vocalist in the South, Boz has sat in on numerous sessions with the early *Steve Miller Band* and *Montrose*, among others. His music doesn't lean toward any specific classification; it's pleasant to listen to, featuring overtones of rock, jazz, and blues which combine to produce a "smooth as silk" effect maintained throughout the album.

"What Can I Say," receiving some radio play, features strong background vocals and a laid-back rhythm. "Georgia," a lively love song, is probably the most enjoyable cut on the LP. Currently climbing the charts, "Lowdown," highlighted by excellent back-up on guitar, moog, and arp synthesizer, relates the story of misplaced priorities: "I wonder who got you thinking like that." Dependency pretty much tells the story of "It's Over," one of the most popular tunes on the album.

On this album, Boz has teamed up with some top-rate musicians. Among them are David Paich on keyboards, Jeff Porcaro on drums, David Hungate on bass, and Louie Shelton on guitar, all of whom have played for *Seals and Crofts*. Boz Scaggs has a lot going for him: he has been getting more AM-FM attention, he has solid musical back-up, and he's put together a very listenable sound. Look for him.

### Electric Background

Progressive jazz, a relatively new facet in the music industry, is swiftly growing in its popularity.

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## Reviews: Decline and Fall of Cooper & Bowie

### No More Chickens

Dave Mahanes

Since 1969 Alice Cooper has been one of the most successful personalities in rock and roll and has been an important influence on the direction of rock stage presentations.

However in the last two years his career has begun to decline aesthetically and commercially. I was told by Warner Brothers that Cooper's latest artistic endeavor, *Alice Cooper Goes to Hell*, was "nearing 400,000" copies sold. This sales statistic barely compares to that of *Muscle of Love* (released in 1973), certified platinum for sales in excess of one million units shortly after its release.

*Muscle of Love* was the last album to be written and recorded by the band bearing the name of its singer, Alice Cooper. Since that time, Alice has decided to continue his career as a solo artist.

In the process of leaving his former band, Alice lost some fine musicians who were not only extremely adept at playing their instruments, but who also had a distinctive musical style. His drummer Neil Smith was a master of his twenty-one drum trap set. Smith's dynamic pounding sustained a lunacy that was formerly a Cooper trademark.

Alice Cooper originally became famous not only by performing music but also by being outrageously decadent. Playing the role of an insane pervert, he won his popularity with the youth of America, while at the same time disgusting

Bruce. Bruce was equally at home with the guitar and with the key-boards.

Another repercuSSION of Alice Cooper's departure from the original band is the loss of the music written by other members. Cooper has only recorded one song that he has written by himself; all of the other members except one have recorded numerous compositions that they themselves penned. Therefore, when Cooper decided to perform and record on his own, he had to find some people with whom to collaborate in composing new material for his future albums.

Cooper decided to join forces with his new guitarist, Dick Wagner, and his producer, Bob Ezrin. Yet their efforts cannot equal the separate writing talents of Neil Smith, Dennis Dunaway, and Michael Bruce. Bruce is responsible for such classics as "Eighteen," "Be My Lover," and "Caught in a Dream", songs that will never be surpassed by the Cooper-Wagner-Ezrin writing team.

Cooper's bass guitar player Dennis Dunaway was picked best bassist by many popular polls during the time he and his bandmates played with Alice; but the greatest

loss from the aspect of musicianship was the departure of Michael their parents. The fact that the adults found Cooper so repulsive was one of the primary reasons why the kids found him so appealing.

But this is 1976, and the youth of America have become jaded. Commercially, glitter rock, mock violence on stage, and soon the "father of glitter rock," Alice Cooper, will be only a fond memory.

### Shredded Bowie

Michael Knish

David Bowie, the widely-acclaimed rock singer, left the world of music about a year ago for a short time in order to attempt acting. This was a most unfortunate decision for all movie-goers.

The result is the movie *The Man Who Fell to Earth*. In this flick, Bowie has a field day as a space traveler from a drought-ridden planet. He comes to Earth searching for three things: water, sex, and himself. He does indeed find all of these, while the viewer enjoys a three-hour nap in the luxurious Belcourt II cinema.

In the opening scene, a hooded figure is struggling to descend a very steep cliff. Bowie finally gets down the mountain and runs to a nearby stream, where he frantically slakes his thirst. As the movie progresses, he goes to a town close by and sells his wedding ring for an enormous sum.

Somehow Bowie gets to New York City dubious friends take over five huge corporations, consolidating them into World Enterprises, Inc. Bowie meanwhile has a fling with Candy Clark, whose

only purpose in the film is to appear voluptuous.

Candy discovers that her lover is from another planet, and soon the entire city knows. The corporations are taken over by the Mafia, which kills all of Bowie's friends and subjects Bowie to various tests to determine whether he is really alien. Ms. Clark deserts him for a Mafia man and the movie ends with the visitor as an alcoholic vegetable trapped on Earth.

There are many grotesque scenes. When Bowie takes off his disguise and reveals himself with a bald, pointed head and green eyes, the viewer is horrified. Candy Clark, however, instead of being more appalled, becomes more amorous. Another disgusting scene portrays Bowie removing his eyes with tweezers.

The acting is terrible. Bowie seems ready to break out laughing at any moment. Candy appears to enjoy chewing gum, wearing zany hair styles, and using worn-out Southern belle clichés. The other actors have the problem of all looking alike.

Hopefully, this three-hour piece of completely irrelevant junk has taught both the American public



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and the 'notoriously bizarre' singer that he cannot act. If not, then who knows what future movie delights the viewer may prepare himself for? Perhaps Elton John in a remake of *Island Girl Goes Hawaiian*?

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## Galloway in the Gulf of Mexico

**Jackson Galloway**

I had applied for the usual summer jobs (you know, dishwasher and bus boy) when I stumbled into a job on a tug/barge in the Gulf of Mexico.

As examinations ground to an end, I imagined myself climbing the rigging, springing into the crow's nest, and shouting "Land Ho!" I thought of visiting exotic ports, seeing the world, and returning home a man a tough number who had seen everything. After a short plane ride to New Orleans, I was escorted to the ship yards where my barge was resting.

My first view was not particularly exhilarating. The deckhouse was camouflaged in a green and white mottle due to the small splotches of green anti-rust paint. I walked a rather unsteady gang plank onto the stern and hauled myself, along with the duffle bag (which had gained several hundred pounds in the last thirty minutes) over to the stairs leading to the entrance to the bridge deck.

### In Hot Water

These were not ordinary stairs! Nosiree; they were those nightmarish steps found on ships which are more like ladders than stairs and possess the bad qualities of both with none of the good. I never did

get used to those stairs, even though I climbed them several times a day.

The inside of the ship really exploded my ideas about sea life. I actually had a room to myself. In it was a desk, a closet, a lavatory, and carpeting. I shared a bathroom with a head (that's sea talk for toilet) and a shower with the cook. The only disagreeable feature I encountered the whole time was that everything was too low (I'm 6'5" tall). If I stood up straight in my room, I bashed into the ceiling. All the doorways invited skull fractures. Even some of the seats in the mess were too small.

With my fantasies thrown to the ground and danced upon, I unpacked and made myself comfortable. Of course I didn't get too comfortable before I was rousted out to sign on the ship. This accomplished, I was given a few sheets of paper which set forth my duties as messman/utilityman. It didn't really surprise me that I got that task. Translated into land language it becomes maid/janitor/dishwasher—all the jobs I would have gotten on land. I had deluded myself into thinking I was doing something special. Well, at least it was a job!

And it was a job! I got up at six and worked until two. I was then graciously allowed two hours of

rest. Interestingly, every time a boat or fire drill was called, it was during my rest period. From 4 to 7 p.m. I worked overtime for dinner. My work has given me several handy skills I am a sweeper and mop extra ordinary; my ability to endure the scalding heat of hot dishwasher and the searing inferno of a freshly opened industrial dishwasher is unsurpassed.

The main factor in making my work difficult was the fact that the crew could pick up more dirt out in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico in one day than I can accumulate in two weeks on land. As long as they kept it to themselves I didn't mind, but they seemed to have an automatic dirt release mechanism, which activated as soon as they came inside.

The mechanism also had the annoying habit of spreading the dirt evenly about the ship so I would have to clean more than if they had just dropped it all in one place.

At the end of one day when I had been required to work more overtime than usual, Miles Vidrene, the cook, left me with the following little jewel: "A sailor's work is from sun-up to sun-down, but a messman's job is never done."

The most exciting, if you can call it exciting, adventure I had was my visit to the tiny port town of Las Mareas, Puerto Rico. The long run, six days from Houston to Las Mareas, fully loaded, had consumed most of Miles' supply of food. In short, I was to go into town with the native agent Reeko (spelled phonetically). I had looked forward to this time off the ship, mainly because it meant I wouldn't have to mop the decks if I took long enough making up the officer's beds and cleaning their rooms and bathrooms. I somehow did more work before I went to town at 1000 hours (sounds military, doesn't it?) than I had ever done on the other days. Miles was on the ball.

The trip to town was as close to being fatal as possible. We drove on the wrong side of the road most of the time, returning to our lane only when we could read the brand name on the front of the oncoming car. The care ride was made more enjoyable by the intimate conference I held with my knees due to the fact that Reeko's enormous girth had bent the front seat backwards so far that only a small child could sit down comfortably, and only then, because his feet didn't touch the floor.

I did manage to survive the journey into the exotic part of Las Mareas, but Miles was slightly peeved that some of the groceries I came back with weren't what he wanted. The main factor against me was that even though Puerto Rico is attempting to gain statehood, Spanish is the predominant language. The only way I got any groceries was by having Reeko bellow at the attendants who rushed all over the place getting the items. Interestingly, all Puerto Ricans speak fantastic English when it comes to money.

It's rather obvious that my life at sea was not particularly one of leisure. I arrived at home late one afternoon here in Nashville ready for some much needed R and R and the popularity that all great adventurers enjoy. "The lawn needs mowing. You can do it tomorrow, can't you?"

### After Graduation?



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Onward, ever onward, Galloway's barge plows toward Puerto Rico.

Photo: Courtesy, Ingram Ocean Systems

### Open Air Havoc

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## Outlook is hopeful

# Big Red Football Success Awaited

Steve Parman

There is a great deal which is new about MBA football this year: new haircuts, new coaches, new players, and more. But most crucially the Big Red has adopted new spirit, one which is relied upon to end a two-year string of disappointments.

Certainly winning football is traditional at MBA, so much so that it may appear strange to speak of new spirit. Yet the vitality apparent in the Big Red camp, most evident in the dedicated and optimistic attitudes of players and coaches alike, is clearly an improvement over the last two seasons.

Much of this spirit is due to a return to the I-formation offense traditionally used by MBA. In 1974 and 1975, the Big Red employed the power-oriented Wishbone offensive alignment. That configuration produced eleven wins and nine losses in those two seasons, and Head Coach Ray Ridgway was ready to change.



Galbierz and a weary player face August practice.

"We didn't have the time necessary to run the Wishbone," reports Ridgway. "I'm more familiar with the I, and I believe the players are more comfortable with it. It is a more flexible offense, especially in the passing attack. But," he adds, "we will still run the triple option, a basic tenet of the Wishbone." The I-formation should provide more running offense, and certainly more passing offense."

Coach Ridgway concludes, "After an 11-9 record the last two years, it was time to try something different."

The optimism surrounding those close to the MBA squad stems from the players returning to this year's team. Ridgway feels that the team has "good experience. Last year, many juniors and sophomores lettered, and we are deeper than in the past, particularly at the line positions. Overall, this team is both stronger and quicker than last year's."

The coach attributes this development to off-season training. "Several linemen have gained weight. For example, tackle Greg Simpson put on thirty pounds, all as a

result of weight-lifting." The regular practice began at the first of August.

Lack of size should definitely be no problem, for the offensive line will average a hefty 193 pounds, excellent size for a high school team. The line has experience to complement its size. Keith Phillips, the recipient of the "Best-Blocker" award in 1975, returns at center. At tackle, the huge seniors Ralph Moore and Lee Edmondson are back along with junior Greg Simpson. The guards include senior Allen Reasons, surprising sophomore Richard Smith, and Rick Jacques.

The receiving corps is gifted with really impressive depth, particularly at tight end. There Lyle Beasley, Steve Roberts, and Gage Whittier are battling for the starter's nod. At split end is Mickey Tune backed by junior Kirk Norling.

Two 1975 starters head those returning in the offensive backfield. Veteran quarterback Barry Duke



The team and its cheerleaders prepare for the new season.

The kicking game looms as an area of concern, particularly the punting, where Vanderbilt signee Mike Ralston must be replaced. Inconsistency is the chief worry. Nonetheless, Chuck Lassing, Danny Newman, and Barry Ralston are vying for the punting assignment. Veteran Randy Foster returns to handle the placekicking.

While the defensive line appears solid, the secondary and especially the linebacking corps are lacking in experience. On defense, the coaches plan to do more shunting, moving players around in an effort to confuse and intimidate the opposing offense. Defensive sets will be variable, and include the six Oklahoma and wide-tackle alignments.

### Bruising Schedule

While Coach Ridgway is certain that the team will be improved, he shies away from predicting a better record. The reason for this unwillingness is quite evident in the schedule: the Big Red will again face some of the top teams in the state.

"There's just not an easy game on the schedule," notes Ridgway. "We open with McGavock, picked to win the NIL Eastern Division, followed by Overton, the favorite in the Western Division. BGA looks strong, Springfield will be improved, and Clarksville Northwest has a lot of people back from last year."

Both Ryan and Antioch have been selected to finish above MBA in the Western Division by local newspapers. The schedule also includes a road game at Maplewood, 1975 runner-up at Oak Ridge in the state championship.

The Western Division, Ridgway feels, will be very well-balanced, and a tougher league overall than the Eastern. Aside from those already mentioned, the West includes Pearl and Hillsboro, both of which expect to field stronger teams this year.

MBA's coaching staff includes new members Brant Lipscomb and Tom Galbierz, a standout for the past several seasons at Vanderbilt. Both are coaching the line, a situation that affords the opportunity

for more individual attention, a key factor in teaching techniques. Other assistant coaches are Jim Jefferson and Jay Ramsey.

A recent problem of small turnout does not concern Coach Ridgway. "We have about 44 players on the squad currently. If we had more players, as we have in the past, we would have cut to about the same number. This eliminates the necessity of a cut."

The earlier first game and earlier practice is a major reason for small turnout, Coach Ridgway feels. Boys simply are not willing to leave summer activities, such as jobs, at the end of July.

In general, Ridgway seems impressed by this group of players. "They are more dedicated and work harder than in the past. I feel really good about this bunch. They want to play, and they are willing to get ready to play."

Plainly, only the course of the season will determine the success of the squad. But if enthusiasm is any indicator, MBA will be an exciting team to watch.

"This team will give good effort, and play good, hard-nosed football," says Ridgway. "They will be the type of team the student body will want to support, and I hope they do."

## Cross Country

### Expects Victory

Andy May

Any MBA student who chances to be in the southeast corner of Percy Warner Park at about 9:30 AM during the month of August would have experienced the rare misfortune of observing a scantily clad Jeff Glezer hurtling through the woods like some sort of idiot.

A

bit of investigation would have informed the unhappy observer that Glezer is not actually an idiot; he is merely a cross-country runner. (There is a difference, you ask?) Indeed the entire cross country team spent a great many August mornings slogging up and down the bridle and foot trails of the extraordinarily hilly park.

Hopefully, however, all of this early morning effort will not have been in vain for this year Coach Drake's harriers are predicting a season of unparalleled triumph. Given the high quality of the team's personnel, the optimism seems altogether justified. Only two athletes, Brion Friedman and Ken Witt, are gone from last year's outstanding squad, which boasted a fourth place finish in the NIL championships.

If the team fails to reach its goals, the failure will not result from lack of effort, for each runner has completed a regimen consisting of nearly ten miles a day throughout the pre-season. With extraordinary depth and outstanding willingness to work, the cross country team looks forward to an outstanding season.